The People's Advocate.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents per Year. PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN; BUT MEN AS THE REPRESENTATIVES OF PRINIPLES. Price, Five Cents.

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Jan. 12 tf

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Oct. 26-1yr.

A Ride for Life.

[*From the new novel of Life at the South:*

"A FOOL'S ERRAND."

By One of the Fools.]

It was just at sundown, and Lily Servosse was sitting on the porch at Warrington, watching the sunset glow, when a horseman came in sight, and rode up to the gate. After a moment's scrutiny of the premises he seemed satisfied, and uttered the usual halloo which it is customary for one to give who desires to communicate with the household in that country. Lily rose, and advanced to the steps.

"Here's a letter," said the horseman, as he held an envelope up to view, and then, as she started down the steps, threw it over the gate into the avenue, and, wheeling his horse, cantered easily away. Lily picked up the letter. It was directed in a coarse, sprawling hand,—

"COLONEL COMFORT SERVOSSE.
WARRINGTON."

In the lower left hand corner, in a more compact and business-like hand, were written the words, "Read at once." Lily read the subscription carelessly as she went up the broad avenue.

* * * *

She went into the house, and, calling for a light, glanced once more at the envelope, and then broke the seal. It read:

"COLONEL SERVOSSE—A raid of K. K. has been ordered to intercept Judge Denton on his way home to-night (the 23rd. inst.) It is understood that he has telegraphed to you to accompany him home. Do not do it. If you can by any means, give him warning. It is a big raid, and means business. The decree is, that he shall be tied, placed in the middle of the bridge across the river, the planks taken up on each side, so as to prevent a rescue, and the bridge set on fire. I send this warning for your sake. Do not trust the telegraph. I shall try to send this by a safe hand, but tremble lest it should be too late. I dare not sign my name, but subscribe myself your

UNKNOWN FRIEND."

The young girl stood for a moment paralyzed with horror at the danger which threatened her father. It did not once occur to her to doubt the warning she had received. She glanced at the timepiece upon the mantel. The hands pointed to eight o'clock.

"Too late, too late!" she cried as she clasped her hands, and raised her eyes to heaven in prayerful agony. She saw that she could not reach Verdenton in time to prevent their taking the train, and she knew it would be useless to telegraph afterwards. It was evident that the wires were under the control of the Klan, and there was no probability that a message would be delivered, if sent, in time to prevent the catastrophe.

"Oh, my dear, papa!" she cried, as she realized more fully the danger. "O God! can nothing be done to save him?"

Then a new thought flashed upon her mind. She ran to the back porch, and called sharply, but quietly,—

"William! *Oh* William!"

* * * *

"William," said Lily, as the stable boy appeared, "put my saddle on Youn Lollard, and bring him round as quick as possible."

"But, Miss Lily, you know dat hoss"—the servant began to expostulate.

"I know all about him, William. Don't wait to talk. Bring him out."

"All right, Miss Lily," he replied, with a bow and a scrape. But as he went toward the stable, he soliloquized angrily, "Now, what for Miss Lily want to ride dat pertickerler hoss, you s'pose? Never did afore. Nobody but de kunnel ebber on his back, an' *he* hab his hands full wid him sometimes. Dese furrer bred hosses jes' de debbil anybow! Dar's dat Young Lollard now, it's jest 'bout all a man's life's wuth ter rub him down, an' saddle him. Why can't she take de ole un! Here you, Lollard, come outen dat!"

He threw open the door of the log-stable where the horse had his quarters, as he spoke, and almost instantly, with a short vicious whinney, a powerful dark-horse leaped into the moonlight, and with ears laid back upon his sinuous neck, white teeth bare, and thin, blood-red nostrils distended, rushed toward the servant, who, with a loud "Dar now! Look at him! whoa! See de dam rascal!" retreated quickly behind the door. The horse rushed once or twice around the little stable-yard, and then stopped suddenly beside his keeper, and stretched out his head for the bit, quivering in every limb with that excess of vitality which only the thorough-bred horse ever exhibits.

* * *

Before the horse was saddled, Lily had donned her riding habit, put a revolver in her belt, as she very frequently did when riding alone, swallowed a hasty supper, scrawled a short note to her mother on the envelope of the letter she had received—which she charged William at once to carry to her—and was ready to start on a night-ride to Glenville.

* * * *

The brawny groom with difficulty held the restless horse by the bit; but the slight girl, who stood upon the block with pale face and set teeth, gathered the reins in her hand, leaped fearlessly into the saddle, found the stirrup, and said, "Let him go!" without a quiver in her voice. The man loosed his hold. The horse stood upright, and pawed the air for a moment with his feet, gave a few mighty leaps to make sure of his liberty, and then, stretching out his neck, bounded forward in a race which would require all the mettle of his endless line of noble sires.

* * * * *

As she was borne like an arrow down the avenue, and turned into the Glenville road, Lily heard the whistle of the train as it left the depot at Verdenton, and knew that upon her coolness and resolution alone depended the life of her father.

It was, perhaps, well for the accomplishment of her purpose, that, for some time after setting out on her perilous journey, Lily Servosse had enough to do to maintain her seat, and guide and control her horse.

* * * * *

She had always made it a rule to visit his stall every day; so that, although she had never ridden him, the horse was familiar with her person and voice. It was well for her that this was the case; for, as he dashed away with the speed of the wind, she felt how powerless she was to restrain him by means of the bit. Nor did she attempt it. Merely feeling his mouth, and keeping her eye upon the road before him, in order that no sudden start to right or left should take her by surprise, she coolly kept her seat, and and tried to soothe him by her voice.

With head outstretched, and sinewy neck strained to its utmost, he flew over the ground in a wild, mad race with the evening wind, as it seemed.

* * * *

The night was growing chilly by this time. As the wind struck her at the hill-top, she remembered that she had thrown a hooded water-proof about her before starting. She stopped her horse, and, taking off her hat, gathered her long hair in to a mass, and thrust it into the hood, which she drew over her head, and pressed her hat down on it; then she gathered the reins, and they went on in that long, steady stride which marks the high-bred horse when he gets thoroughly down to his work.

* * * * *

Once or twice she drew rein to determine which road to take. Sometimes her way lay through the forest, and she was startled by the cry of the owl; anon it was through the reedy bottom-land, and the half-wild hogs, starting from their lairs gave her an instant's fright. The moon cast strange shadows around her; but still she pushed on, with this one only thought in her mind, that her father's life was at stake, and she alone could save him. She had written to her mother to go back to Verdenton, and telegraph to her father; but she put no hope in that. How she trembled, as she passed each fork in the rough and ill-marked country road, lest she should take the right hand when she ought to turn to the left, and so lose precious, priceless moments! How her heart beat with joy when she came upon any remembered landmark! And all the time her mind was full of tumultuous prayer. Sometime it bubbled over her lips in tender, disjointed accents.

"Father! Papa, dear, dear papa!" she cried to the bright still night that lay around; and then the tears burst over the quivering lids and ran down the fair cheeks in torrents. She pressed her hand to her heart as she fancied that a gleam of redder light shot athwart the northern sky, and she thought of a terrible bonfire that would rage and glow above that horizon if she failed to bring timely warning of the danger. How her heart throbbed with thankfulness as she galloped through an avenue of giant oaks at a cross-roads where she remembered stopping with her father one day! He had told her that it was half way from Glenville to Warrington. He had watered their horses there; and she remembered every word of pleasant badinage he had addressed to her as they rode home. Had one ever before so dear, so tender a parent? The tears came again; but she drove them back with a half-involuntary laugh. "Not now, not now!" she said. "No, nor at all. They shall not come at all; for I will save him. O God, help me! I am but a weak girl. Why did the letter come so late? But I *will* save him! Help me, Heaven!—guide and help!"

She glanced at her watch as she passed from under the shade of the oaks, and, as she held the dial up to the moonlight, gave a scream of joy. It was just past the stroke of nine. She had still an hour, and half the distance had been accomplished in half that time.

* * * * *

Still on anon the brave horse bore her with untiring limb. Half the remaining distance is now consumed—and she comes to a place where the road forks, not once, but into four branches. It is in the midst of a level old field covered with a thick growth of scrubby pines. Through the masses of thick green are white lanes which stretch away in evers direction, with no visible difference save in the density or frequency of the shadows which fall across them. She tries to think which of the many intersecting paths lead to her destination. She tries this and then that for a few steps, consults the stars to determine in what direction Glenville lies, and has almost decided upon the first to the right, when she hears a sound which turns her blood to ice in her veins.

A shrill whistle sounds to the left,—once, twice, thrice,—and then it is answered from the road in front. There were two others. O God! if she but knew which road to take! She knows well enough the meaning of those signals. She has heard them before. The masked cavaliers are closing in upon her; and, as if frozen to stone, she sits her horse in the clear moonlight and cannot choose.

She is not thinking of herself. It is not for herself that she fears; but there has come over her a horrible numbing sensation that she is lost, for she does not know which road leads to those she seeks to save; and at the same time there comes the certain conviction that to err would be fatal. There are but two roads now to choose from, since she has heard the fateful signals from the left and front: but how much depends upon that choice! "It must be this," she says to herself; and, as she says it, the sickening conviction comes, "No, no: it is the other!" She hears hoof-strokes upon the road in front, on that to her left, and now, too, on that which turns sheer to the right. From one to the other the whistle sounds,—sharp, short signals. Her heart sinks within her. She has haltered at the very rendezvous of the enemy. They are all about her. To attempt to ride down either road now is to invite destruction.

She woke from her stupor when the first horseman came in sight, and thanked God for her dark horse and colorless habit. She urged young Lollard among the dense scrub-pines which grew between the two roads from which she knew that she must choose, turned his head back towards the point of intersection, drew her revolver, leaned over upon his neck, and, peered through the overhanging branches, She patted her horse's head, and whispered to him softly to keep him still.

Hardly had she placed herself in hiding, before the open space around the intersecting roads was alive with disguised horseman. She could catch glimpses of their figures as she gazed through the clustering pines. Three men came into the road which ran along to the right of where she stood. They were hardly five steps from where she lay, panting, but determined, on the faithful horse, which moved not a muscle. Once he had neighed before they came so near; but there were so many horses neighing and snuffling, that no one had needed it. She remembered a little flask which Maggie had put into her pocket. It was whiskey. She put up her revolver, drew out the flask, opened it, poured some in her hand, and, learning forward, rubbed it on the horse's nose. He did not offer to neigh again.

* * * * *

Considerable confusion arose [among the gathered riders, who had some difference of opinion], and Lily with her revolver ready cocked in her hand, turned and cautiously made her way to the road which had been indicated by their talk as the one which led to Glenville. Just as her horse stepped into the path, an overhanging limb caught her hat, and pulled it off, together with the hood of her waterproof, so that her hair fell down again upon her shoulders. She hardly noticed the fact in her excitement, and, if she had, could not have stopped to repair the accident. She kept her horse upon the shady side, walking upon the grass as much as possible to prevent attracting attention, watching on all sides for any scattered members of the Klan. She had proceeded thus about a hundred and fifty yards, when she came to a turn in the road, and saw, sitting before her in the moonlight, one of the disguised horsemen, evidently a sentry, who had been stationed there to see that no one came upon the camp unexpectedly. He was facing the other way, but just at that instant turned, and, seeing her indistinctly in the shadow, cried out at once—

"Who's there? Halt!"

They are not twenty yards apart. Young Lollard was trembling with excitement under the tightly-drawn rein. Lily thought of her father half-prayerfully, half-fiercely, bowed close over her horse's neck, and braced herself in the saddle, with every muscle as tense as those of the tiger waiting for his leap. Almost before the words were out of the sentry's mouth, she had given Young Lollard the spur, and shot like an arrow into the moonlight, straight towards the black muffled horseman.

"My God!" he cried, amazed at the sudden apparition.

She was close upon him in an instant. There was a shot; his startled horse sprang aside, and Lily, urging young Lollard to his utmost speed, was flying down the road toward Glenville. She heard an uproar behind—shouts, and one or two shots. On, on, she sped. She knew now every foot of the road beyond. She looked back, and saw her pursuers swarming out of the wood into the the moonlight. Just then she was in shadow. A mile, two miles, were passed. She drew in her horse to listen. There was the noise of a horse's hoofs coming down a hill she had just descended, as her gallant steed bore her, with almost undiminished stride, up the opposite slope. She laughed, even in her terrible excitement, at the very thought that any one should attempt to overtake her.

"They'll have fleet steeds that follow, quoth young Lochinvar,"

she hummed as she patted Young Lollard's outstretched neck. She turned when they reached the summit: her long hair streaming backward in the moonlight like a golden banner, and saw the solitary horseman on the solitary horseman on the opposite slope; then turned back, and passed over the Hill.

The train from Verdenton had reached and left Glenville. The incomers had been divided between the rival hotels, the porters had removed the luggage, and the agent was just entering his office, when a foam-flecked horse with bloody nostrils and fiery eyes, ridden by a young girl with a white, set fair, flowing hair, dashed up to the station.

"Judge Denton!" the rider shrieked.

The agent had but time to motion with his hand, and she had swept on towards a carriage which was being swiftly driven away from the station, and which was just visible at the turn of the village street.

"Papa, papa!" shrieked the girlish voice as she swept on.

A frightened face glanced backward from the carriage, and in an instant Comfort Servosse was standing in the path of the rushing steed.

"Ho, Lollard!" he shouted, in a voice which rang over the sleepy town like a trumpet-note.

The amazed horse veered quickly to one side, and stopped as if stricken to stone, while Lily fell insensible into her father's arms. When she recovered, he was bending over her with a look in his eyes which she will never forget.

DIED.

MINOR—On the 19th inst., 3 a. m., Henry Mason Minor, aged 42 years. Washington papers please copy.

Mr. Minor was born in Washington, D. C., but for a number of years has been a resident of this city. He usually followed the occupation of a barber, and was generally very much thought of by those with whom he came in contact. His death was caused by heart disease. He leaves a wife to mourn his loss. He was a devout Catholic, and received the spiritual ministrations of the priest up to the time of his death. His funeral was preached Sunday afternoon at Fifth Avenue Baptist Church upon the request of his wife, as the rule of the Catholic Church does not allow members of the Church to have their funerals preached at Protestant Churches and then buried in consecrated Catholic graveyards. The funeral service was conducted by Rev. A. Heath, assisted by Rev. P. H. Kennedy. A large concourse of friends were present, and followed the remains to the resting place.—*Bulletin.*

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MEALS SERVED OUT AT SHORT NOTICE

THE PEOPLE' ADVOCATE.
SATURDAY, April 3, 1880.

J. W. CROMWELL, Editor and Proprietor

☞All communications and other items intended for publication should reach here Wednesday morning, and local items not later than Thursday morning.

☞If this paragraph is marked with blue it means your subscription is due. Please remit. Address,

THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.
Box 263.

Mr. Calvin D. Johnson will act as reporter for the "Advocate" and otherwise work in its interests. We commend him to all.

The "Exodus" is the title of a new paper edited by Rev. B. F. Watson published at Kansas City Mo. which has just reached us. Its location is apropos on the border-land. We welcome it in the arena.

For some time we have needed an effiecient agent at Baltimore. Mr. S. S. Servent who has been very highly commended to us accepts the trusts. Our Baltimore patrons will take note accordingly.

It has just come to light that ex-Governor Garcelon of Maine was a worse butcher in attending to the wounds of soldiers in the battle field than he proved in butchering election returns. Dr. Hammond who was then Surgeon-General of the Army is authority for the report.

The editor of "The Louisianian" suggests that the colored delegates meet at the Chicago Convention a few days prior to its sitting. We think it a happy idea. And now those who have been so anxious to have a colored newspaper convention, might be willing to amend this proposition so as to include a seperate or con-joint conference of colored newspaper men at the same place and time.

Rev. W. O. Lynch of Topeka Kansas, has issued a circular advising the colored people of the south to look elsewhere than to Kansas, which is now overcrowded with a helpless class. He calls their special attention to Illinois which invites at least 50-000 to her borders. Now let the people hear the voice of wisdom, and those who have not the means to begin on their own account, turn their steps to Illinois, Ohio and Indiana.

The throwing over into the Potomac of the entire edition of the "Virginia Liberal" is an act which savors of the early days of abolitionism. Alexandria will find the U. S. has moved somewhat since the time Lovejoy's press was thrown overboard and his life afterwards taken by a mob

As it is, the miscreants who were the pliants tools in the hands of the Mayor of Alexandria, will not go before his mayorality, but are now in the custody of the U. S. they may tremble for their necks, for death is the penalty for piracy on the high seas, and this act certainly was piracy within the comprehension of the statute.

The "Journal of Induustry will compete for the prizes awarded by the Grand Bazaar held at Spartenburg S. C., to the three best newspapers published by colored men in the U. S.

We acknowledge the receipt of the minutes of the Synod of Atlantic held at Charlotte N. C. Dec. 3, 1879, Rev. S. Loomis A. M. moderator, Rev. Luke Doreano state clerk, Rev's. H. S. Billingsley and Elias Gordon temporary clerks.

The statistical report shows; ministers, 53; churches, 127; added on examination, 908; added on certificate, 214; whole number of S, S. Scholars, 8,235.

Bro. Tanner under the caption "Bottom Facts," speaks of the neeessity for separate text books &c. in order to correct the false impressions cotained in them, reflecting on the capacities of the Negro.

We admit the absolute necessity of something to neutralize the pernicious influence of the false doctrines which insinuate themselves here and anon through the whole range of school literature; but separate text books are out of the question. The power to provide for them implies the political power, practical and potential, which controls boards of education many of which are the creatures of state legislatures. "It might have been"—Ah! those words! Are we then without remedy? Assuredly it is not the duty of every live teacher to use the text simply as an auxiliary to his vast information. Where the text book is at fault, it is the duty of the instructor to correct the same. Herein is the opportunity of every conscientious instructer of colored youth; of every teacher who believes in the capacity of the American-Negro.

THE ADVOCATE FOR 1880.

To every subscriber sending on his subscription for one year, or old one renewing and inclosing three cents for postage, we will mail free of charge a handsome steel engraving of Hon. John M. Langston, U. S. Minister to Hayti; to one sending the names of three new subscribers and the money, whether at once or not, a copy of "Lays in Summer Lands" by J. Willis Menard, paper edition; of five subscribers, the cloth edition; and to the gentleman or lady sending us *at one time* the names and money of five subscribers, we will mail a copy of "Music and Some Highly Musical People - a Story of a Musical Race," by James M. Trotter,—a book which has been pronounced the finest work of authorship from the pen of a colored writer. We advise our friends to act at once in this matter. We are determined that the ADVOCATE shall be a welcome and favorite visitor at every cultured fireside of the race throughout the land.

THE LATE MURDER.

Three moons have just closed their orbits and two occurrences, similar and yet dissimilar at the present stage of their development have deeply stirred the strong currents of feeling, the prejudices and animosities of the people of this city. It was on the evening of the 7th of January that George P. Hirth, a young white man of irreproachable character, was murdered and a jury of twelve men has declared that it was the work of three colored lads for whom he had done acts of kindly considertion. His death was the occasion of an o'erwhelming outburst of feeling from the people, the pulpit and the press mourning the loss of the honored dead, execrating the alleged murderers and demanding that they be brought speedily to trial. The popular voice was obeyed; the e boys were indicted, tried and convicted by a jury, the foreman and four other members of which were colored. The public said, well done! Last Monday night within a few feet of the store occupied by the late Hirth, a quiet, inoffensive colored man was shot without provocat on by a white rough. The victim lived in the same street and block which was the headquarters of Pinn, Queenan and Bedford. The time, place, and manner, of his death recalls the subsequent events to the murder of Hirth.

Will the press which denounced that murder and clamored for the blood of the alleged victims without waiting for evidence, insist on an immediate trial of "big foot" Johnson for the murder of James E. Johnson? If white men can be murdered in unfrequented paths, and colored lads indicted and convicted on the bare testimony of an accessory, and colored men be murdered with impunity on the public highways within sight of the National Capitol, the question well may be asked, "who is safe?" We will patiently watch the action of the press and the courts and see if justice is really blind as painted.

THE FOOLS' ERRAND

BY ONE OF THE FOOLS.

This is the title of one of the most popular novels of the last ten years. Never since the days of the furore of Uncle Tom's Cabin has there been such a faithful portraiture, and withal so artistically done, of life at the South during the period of reconstruction. What the former did to open the eyes of the world to the evils of American slavery, and create a sentiment in favor of its abolition, the latter work is in a fair way of doing towards the enlightenment of the country on the folly of reconstruction and the substantial gains the rebels won by a revolution too gradual and adroit to be termed a *coup d' etat*, too masterly and complete to be a mere accident.

The hero, Col. Servorse, an ex-Union army officer, conceived and carried out the idea of locating in the South, the war being over. His fortune was that of the average Northern settler: he paid a large price for his plantation, he was inveigled into publicly expressing his opinions on reconstruction, his life was threatened, attempts at waylaying were resorted to etc. Social ostracism was enforced against his family whose countenance of the teachers of a colored school was a mark of displeasure. The origin and workings of the Ku Klux Klan, the repeated outrages on Negroes and white Republicans are told in a style as captivating as it is thrilling.

The remedies for the present condition of affairs in the South are frankly discussed, and the true policy clearly enunciated.

It is not a wonder that this book continues the most popular selling book of of the times and that at one time it could not be printed rapidly enough to meet the popular demand.

The extract found on our first page is a fair specimen of the author's style. Price $1.00 in silk cloth. For sale by all book stores.

Grateful Women.

None receive so much benefit, and none are so profoundly grateful and show such and interest in recommending Hop Bitters as women. It is the only remedy peculiarly adapted to the many ills the sex is almost universally subject to. Chills and fever, indigestion or deranged liver, constant or periodical sick headaches, weakness in the back or kidneys, pain in the shoulders and different parts of the body, a feeling of lassitude and despondency, are all readily removed by these Bitters.

PERSONAL.

—Hon. J. R. Lynch has returned to Mississippi.

—Horatio Ruby and Richard Stafford, of Kansas, are in the city the guests of Mrs. Nalle, 1505 P street, n. w.

—Isaiah C. Wears of Philadelphia was in our city the early part of the week in attendance on the Voorhees investigating Committee.

—Prof. J. M. Gregory made a telling address to the Fifth Baptist Sunday school at their Quarterly Review Sunday afternoon.

—Rev. C. W. Fitzhugh remains at Israel C. M. E. Church another year. This is welcome news to all who have once heard him.

—Rev. John H. Brooks, pastor of the Fifth Baptist Church, has been confined to his room by illness for the past week, but we are glad to say that he is rapidly recovering.

—J. W. Cromwell leaves for Philadelphia to-day where he lectures before the Workingmen's Club on, The Mission of the Colored Press.

—J. W. Wilson of St. Louis *Tribune* is in town looking as lively as a cricket. Billy comes here to be interviewed before the Exodus Committee. He is so carried away with Washington that he will not be in any special hurry to get away.

NEW YORK, *March 29th*, 188[illegible].

MY DEAR GRANDMA:

I arrived home safe and was met at the depot by Rob. (you remember Rob. who spent the summer two two years ago, on the farm.) He looked after my baggage, and then took me in charge. (this being leap-year I ought to have said I took charge of him). On our way to aunt Mary's, my attention was attracted to a very dark individual arrayed in brilliant colors with a head dress of feathers seated on a high wagon driving a super-annuated animal as an advertisement for some Indian club maker, (I don't think though that the Indians ever made any such clubs as were pointed out to me, as they were made by machinery, and I never knew there were any machine shops among our uncivilized brethren, but I've been on our little Jersey farm so long I may be mistaken)

On Wednesday evening, March 24th: Rob. called to take me to the reception of the Knights Templar at Tammany Hall. It was a clear night, but very cold, yet, after he described the hall and pictured to me how everything would be, why, my curiosity was aroused, (and you know what a female's curiosity is, being one of them). Well, we arrived at the hall and had I not kept close to Rob, I should have lost myself.

Just imagine 200 persons in a hall that will accomdate 1500. At about 12 o'clock the Sir Knights (or whatever they are called) marched in and a gave an exhibition drill which lasted nearly two hours. Why they don't advertise an exhibition drill instead of a reception, I don't know. The public would understand better and know what to expect. The ladies were most gorgeously attired.

This being my first venture at a public reception in this city of course I looked and felt kinder queer. Rob, determined that I shall see everything, called for me Friday evening to go to Zion A. M. E. Church, cor W 10 St. Bleeker. Rev. Wm. Butler, formerly of this city, but now at Wilmington, Delaware, preached a sermon to the Knight Templar. About thirty men turned out on this occasion. It was strictly a masonic reunion. Sunday being Easter he was on hand to take me to what he called the "high-toned" church of this city, St. Phillip's Episcopal church. There was a whole crowd of nice looking young men present; they all bowed to me, Rob said because I was a stranger and they all knew him, he said they belonged to a club or a musical something, I have forgotten now, but anyhow they were going to give an entertainment up at Lyric Hall on April 9, and he was going to take me. The services in this church are different from our little country church, yet I like them. The one great feature on this day is the excellent singing by a boy choir (some of them are past 35). There were several solos sung by a Mr.—Mr.—I forget his name, however, he is a letter carrier and you may easily find out from that,—who sang them in a very creditable manner. On Monday election of officers took place at this church and the following were elected; Messrs. Phillip A. White and Benjamin Fisher, wardens; Chas. G. Bowser, James W. Mars, James Lewis, William Smith, Theo. Dyplesis, Albert Wilson and Edward Barofield. The last named one is the Musical Association's candidate. There is to be another election, so Rob says, on account of only seven receiving the majority of the votes cast.

There are 104 colored emigrants here and are staying at the rooms of the Young Men's Christion Association (colored) on 25th street. They are a needy looking lot, and I think it would be better for them to stay where are than go to Liberia.

A colored firm has just opened in the tobacco business in 30th street. They have a very fine stock on hand, so says. As I cannot go in and ask them questions, I'll ask Rob to go there some time and find out who they are and tell me, then I'll let you know.

There are two or three entertainments to take place shortly and Rob says I must go to them also. You need not fear you will hear all the news.

Hoping you are well, I remain your loving
Grand-daughter,
A. SALLY HOPKINS.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.

By Howard.

On Thursday evening, March 25th, a leap year party was given by the Civic Social Dancing School. It was well attended and it was a novel sight to see the young ladies wait on the gentlemen and after it closed to see them home.

Post 27 G. A. R., gave a grand reception on Thursday evening, March 25th at Assembly Buildings. The Post turned out in a large body which did them credit. Comrads from Posts 80 and 103 G. A. R.

Easter Sunday was as usual a rainy day, but notwithstanding the bad weather, the different churches were filled to hear the fine singing of the choirs. Central Presbyterian choir, under the leadership of Francis Wood, Bethel A. M. E. choir, under Daniel Parvis and Shiloh Baptist choir, under Daniel Thomas sang exceptionally fine. The services at Cherry Street Baptist Church was crowded both morning and evening. Rev. T. D. Miller, pastor, preached a very eloquent sermon in the morning, his sermon text was, "The Lord is risen." The choir rendered the new Easter anthem. "Hark Ten Thousand Voices" in a very fine style under the direction of Mr. Andrew F. Stevens, assisted by Miss Hart Alexander and Mrs. Robinson, soprano; James Warwick and Wm. Miller, tenor, and Mr. F. Howard, basso. The church was tastefully and exquisitely arranged with flowers and greens.

On Monday evening, March 29th, the O. R. U gave an Easter bal masque which was well attended and enjoyed by many.

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LOCAL.

☞ We call the attention of our correspondents and others to the notice at the head of our columns giving the days on which articles for publication should reach this office.

—Societies and Churches desiring local notices of their entertainments and other special exercises in order to ensure the same should send complimentary tickets.

—A glee club will furnish music at the lecture by Prof. Greener Monday night.

—The Green Leaf Social Club gave a pleasant entertainment at Bethel Hall last Monday evening.

—Asbury M. E. Church had special services on Easter, also Union Bethel and the Fifteenth Street Presbyterian.

—Congressman Urner, of Maryland has secured the appointment of a colored clerk in the War Department, Mr. Howard, a graduate of the Howard University.

—Married in Georgetown, D. C., on March 18th, Mr. Henry A. Holmes and Miss Elizabeth Washington, both of the above city, by Rev. J. P. Shreeves.

—A fair is in progress at the Shiloh Baptist church on L street between 16th and 17th. The fair is open every night and will continue for two weeks.

—Last Monday night the following vestrymen were retired: D. M. Chambers, H. Johnson, R. H. Nugent and D. Lee, after which H. Johnson, Wm. Budd, Wesley Howard and Wm. Washington were elected to fill their places.

—The young ladies of the Ebenezer A. M. E. Church, Georgetown, will give their second grand annual Biscuit Feast for Missionary purposes in the basement of the of the church on Beall street, Monday evening, April 5th.

—ONE COLD AFTER ANOTHER will, with many constitutions, securely establish the seeds of Consumption in the system. If you are in need of a remedy for any Lung Trouble, or Throat Disease, you will find Dr. Jayne's Expectorant always prompt and efficacious.

—St. Luke's P. E. Church was tastefully but not profusely decorated Easter Sunday. The choir was a mixed one of white and colored, with Jerome Hopkins, the celebrated musician, at the organ. When the services closed, there was a general satisfaction with the entire exercises, and many remarked, "I am so glad we had good music after all."

—Mr. George Davis, a barber on H near 3d street, n. w., was taken with a hemorrhage in the billiard room of the Philadelphia House on Pennsylvania avenue, Monday afternoon and died within five minutes from the attack. He was about thirty-five years of age and unmarried.

—At Ebenezer church (corner D and 4th street s. e.) on Wednesday evening, April 7th at 8 o'clock, there will be a presentation of the "Pilgrim's Jugs" to all persons who may desire to complete for a number of valuable prizes, among them, a gold watch and a gold set of ladies' jewelery. These prizes will be given to the persons presenting at the church on the first Monday afternoon in June the twelve jugs containing the largest amounts.

—The Mount Zion Sunday school teachers at their annual meeting Thursday evening last, elected the following named officers for the ensuing year J. N. Williams, supt.; J. L. Turner, assistant supt.; Miss K. U. Alexander, female supt.; Miss M. L. Beason, sect'y.; G. Silence, assistant sect'y.; R. Parrot, chorister; J. L. Turner, organist and Miss H. Beason, librarian.

—At the annual election of officers at Union Bethel A. M. E. Sunday school held in said church on the evening of the 31st, the following named were elected for the ensuing year: Thos. H. Wright, Supt.; Miss Jerusha Pilgman, assistant; Mr. Jas. H. Lewis, sec. Miss Annie Geary asstant sect,y.; Miss A. R. Bowen treas,; Mr. Philip Malvin, librarian.

—Notwithstanding the stormy weather last Sunday evening, there was a large gathering at the 19th Street Quarterly Review by the Sunday school. Those who ventured out were amply repaid by the spendid recitations, essays and music. The duette by Misses Tibbs and Randolph was highly appreciated, as was also their quartette with Messrs Harris and Moore. The prompt answers given by the school to questions on the lessons passed during the past three months, showed that the superintendent and teachers have been doing their duty. After the regular exercises, addresses were made by James H. Skipwith and John T. Johnson. Mr. Anderson, the superintendent, is a good man in a good place.

—The New England Tea party to be given by the ladies of the Berean Baptist church on next Monday evening, 5th inst, and of which notice was given out in this paper a fortnight ago, has been arranged with a great deal of skill and care, and a rich treat is in store for those who favor them with their patronage. Tickets of admission have been placed at twenty-five cents, entitling the hold to super free. Musical and other efforts will be made to render the occasion enjoyable to all. As the church is at present greatly in need of funds, it is to be hoped that the public will give them a generous patronage.

—Mr. James E. Johnson, a respectable and intelligent young colored man, living on Sampson street, was foully and brutally murdered on 14th street near P last Monday night, by a dastardly white rough named Joseph Johnson, but better known as "Big Foot" Johnson. The murder was committed about 9 o'clock when the streets were still alive with people. The testimony before the Coroner's jury shows conclusively that the murder was committed without the slightest provocation. The white ruffian has been arrested, and it remains to be seen whether the District Attorney, the Grand Jury, the city press and the Court will be as energetic and aggressive in bringing about swift and condign punishment to him as they were with the alleged Hirth murderers. Let us hear from the Grand Jury Champion of Lynch-law.

—About 9 o'clock, Wednesday evening, the basement of the 19th Street Baptist Church was comfortably crowded by a surging mass of charming ladies and affable gentlemen. At the entrance to the floor was Mrs. Rebecca Vigel, president of the "Willing Worker's Club," who deserves special mention for her untiring efforts in behalf of the church. She is a useful lady and the church must be proud of her. Miss Rosetta E. Coakley flitted through the crowd, here, there, and everywhere, dispensing those captivating smiles upon all with whom she met. She, too, is a hard worker in a good cause, and with one exception she might be called faultless; she believes that newspaper reporters are dangerous and must be watched continually. Miss Julia C. Grant moved about quietly, looking to the financial interests of her committee.

At ten o'clock Mr. G. B. Anderson called for order, and announced that supper was ready, asking the ladies and gentlemen to find seats around the long table which stetched the entire length of the basement and accommodated about seventy-five persons, and when they were quietly seated, Rev. J. T. Bolden, pastor, invoked a blessing, after which the dishes began to rattle and the viands were thoroughly discussed and as thoroughly eaten. The tables were set and re-set half a dozen times before all were served, and there was enough for all and to spare.

The club put up two very handsome prizes for the persons bringing in the largest sum of money —a splendid china tea-set of forty two pieces, and a beautiful chromo representing the ocean with a huge mountain rising majestically in the distance and ships dotting it here and there. The first prize, the tea set, was won by Mr. Frederick Moore who returned $47, and the second by Mrs. Rev. Bolden who returned $39. The total sum by persons holding these cards on Wednesday evening, was $530 with a large number yet to be heard from. When all are brought in it is estimated that the sum will be increased to $700.

FRED. DOUGLASS

The *Republican Advocate*, of Chicago, very improperly permits its Washington correspondent to vent his spleen against Frederick Douglass in such a manner as to disgust every colored man with an ounce of brain or spark of humanity. Because Mr. Douglass refused to endorse the petition of some young men to the President, this correspondent lets loose his vials of invective upon the venerable sage of the black race. Of course the author of the tirade is sheltered by his merited obscurity, but as he makes the attack in behalf of young men, we desire to enter a hearty protest.

The time has not yet come for the old men to step aside, and the time never will come when young men may justly treat gray heads with disrespect.

Young men are frequently wise, but too frequently they are wise in their own conceit. When a young man calls Frederick Douglass the "watch dog of the capital," and denies that he is the representative of his race, he proves what a great fool a man can be and not know it. Fred. Douglass *is* the representative of his race, and is beyond all doubt the ablest Negro in America. There are better scholars, abler writers, more skillful politicians, and more genial companions, but he is the finest example of the possibilities of American citizenship this country has yet produced. He has won success by virtue of his own worth, and has not made himself by destroying others. Mr. Douglass is *the* representative of the Negro race, and although we differ from him in some points, it is the duty of every man, young or old, to couch his opposition in term of reverence and respect. When Mr. Douglass is gone, his place will not easily be filled, Young men will do well if they stop denouncing him, and go to work with mind and heart determined to fit themselves for his place.—*Freeman's Journal.*

We indorse this most heartily.

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Portlandville, Iowa, March 11th, 1879.

Dr. R V. Pierce:

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Graciously yours,
WATSON SMITH

Vital Statistics.

The mortality for the week ended March 27th was 10 white males, 11 white females, total whites 21; 17 colored males and 20 colored females, total colored 37, grand total 58; an annual death rate of 9.58 per thousand for the whites, and 30.36 for the colored population. There were 98 births—29 white males, 31 whites females, 25 colored males and 13 colored females, showing an annual birth rate of 27.37 per 1000 for the whites, and 35.28 for the colored population.

Profit, $1,200.

"To sum it up, six long years of bed-ridden sickness, costing $200 per year, total $1,200—all of this expense was stopped by three bottles of Hop Bitters taken by my wife. She has done her own housework for a year since, without the loss of a day, and I want everybody to know it, for their benefit."

Information Wanted.

My son Freeman Clark, was sold by Caleb Clark to Tilt and Glasgow Cherry, about the year 1857 from Leadville N. C. and sent to Georgia. Any information about him will be thankfully and liberally rewarded.

CHLOE CLARK,
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tf. Norfolk, Va.

G. U. O. of O. F.

Communications for this column should be addressed to

Charles H Shorter,
1656 Rhode Island ave.,
Washington, D. C.

—Passaic Lodge, Newark, N. J., G. U. O. of O. F., on or about April 1, removed to their new lodge room, 124 Market street, of which we will have considerable to say hereafter.—*Ex.*

—P. G. M. and P. N. F., of Canby Lodge No. 1642 G. U. O. of O. F. will open a P. G. M. S. council in Evansville, Ind, about the 6th of April, at which time some of our M. V. P's will be with us.

—The ninth anniversary of Hill City Lodge No. 1525 Jackson, Miss., was celebrated on the 19th ult., with a grand parade and banquet. The street display was very creditable, and the exercises at the hall were conducted in the most impressive manner. Several addresses on Odd Fellowship were made by visiting brethren.—Ex.

—DEAD—At Clarksville, Tenn. on the 22nd of heart disease and dropsy, Isaiah Collins aged 50 years. The deceased was member of Ark of Safety Lodge, No. 1731, G. U. O. of O. F.

—The members of the G. U. O. O. F. gave a grand supper and entertainment at Elston's hall, last Thursday evening, in the interest of the aforesaid organization. It was conceded that this was one of the grandest entertainments ever given in the city.—*Louisville paper.*

—The funeral of Mr. Joseph Williams was preached at Lampton St Baptist church, Louisville, Ky, Wednesday afternoon. He was a member of the Adam Lodge, G. U. O. of O. F., which turned out in full. The services was conducted by Rev. J. M. Harris, A large congregation was in attendance—*Ex.*

—Tuesday evening our citizens had the pleasure of witnessing the installation of the Grand Order of Odd Fellows at Long's Hall. At 3 o'clock the order met at their hall, and headed by the Missouri Chappels, a colored brass band from Clay county, marched through the principal streets and thence to the hall. At half past eight p. m. the installation began, conducted by Mr. L. Lewis and J. Scott. About twelve persons were installed, but owing to the act that our reporter could not learn all their names and the positions given them, we will only report as follows: R. H. C. Yancy, Chief Vice Grand; M. W. Love, Noble Grand; Lewis Taylor and William Rhodes, Past N. G.; Frank Williams, P. N. F. After the installation J. Scott introduced Rev. Moses Dickson, who gave an interesting lecture upon colored Odd Fellows. Mr. Dickson was listened to attentively for fully three quarters of an hour, and his theme was well handled. We think if what he says of it be true it will be one of the secret orders in which color will be only a name, prejudice, a thing of the past. Thus brothers will be recognized as brothers. Everything was conducted in a masterly way and we congratulate our Odd Fellows on their first attempt.—*The Exodus*, Kansas City Kas.

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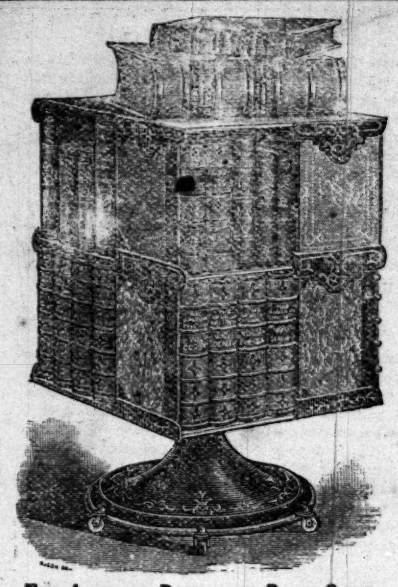

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